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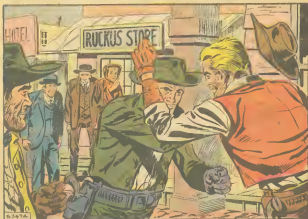
LASH LARUE WESTERN

LASH LARUE

THE TOWN
CALLED
RUCKUS



THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WERE DOING WHEN THEY NAMED IT RUCKUS / LIKE A CHILDREN OF STEAMING WATER LIT BY A 100° HOT FIRE, THAT TOWN KEPT BOILING OVER WITH BRAWLS AND GUNFIGHTS TWENTY-FOUR HOURS EVERY DAY /



SHERIFFS DIDN'T LAST LONG IN RUCKUS / ONE AFTER ANOTHER TURNED IN HIS BADGE ...

"SORRY, MAJOR, BUT RUCKUS IS NO TOWN FOR ANY STAR-TOER WHO AIMS TO LIVE OUT HIS YEARS!"



THAT'S THE FOURTH SHERIFF TO QUIT INSIDE OF A MONTH, MAJOR!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?"

IT'S GETTING SO THAT DE-CENT FOLKS ARE AFRAID TO WALK DOWN MAIN STREET!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

MAJOR, IF SOMETHING'S NOT DONE SOON... FOR OUR FAMILIES' SAKE, EVERY LAST ONE OF US WILL HAVE TO PULL UP STAKES AND CLEAR OUT.



MAJOR OW-HOOTS! KEEP RIDING INTO RUCKUS EVERY DAY!

AND THERE'S THE WORST OF THE LOT RIGHT NOW!



MIKE SCANLON!



THEY'LL TEACH YOU TO STAND CLEAR WHEN MIKE SCANLON WALKS DOWN THE STREET! WE AN MY PARDN ARE KINGS HERE!



THE SOONER ALL YOU YELLOW-UNTERED MILKSHOPS FACE UP TO IT AND CLEAR OUT FROM WHERE YOU'RE NOT WANTED, THE LONGER YOU'RE ALL LIKELIER TO LIVE!

THAT'S TELLING 'EM MIKE!



SEE WHAT WE MEAN, MAJOR? IT'S GETTING LESS SAFE HERE EVERY DAY!

OF COURSE, I SEE! AND NOW, I'M GLAD TO SAY, I'M PREPARED TO GIVE YOU ANY WORD THAT THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT AROUND HERE VERY SOON!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

I SENT A MESSAGE FOR HELP TO THE FEDERAL MARSHALS' OFFICE / AND THEY JUST WIRE BACK THAT THEY'RE SENDING US THEIR BEST MAN... MARSHAL LASH LARUE!



LARUE? HERE'S THE WIRE! READ IT YOURSELF!



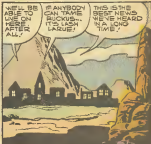
LARUE'S COMING TO BUCKUS... LASH LARUE!



WE'LL BE ABLE TO LIVE ON HERE AFTER ALL!

IF ANYBODY CAN TAKE BUCKUS... IT'S LASH LARUE!

THIS IS THE BEST NEWS WE'VE HEARD IN A LONG TIME!



I KNEW THEY WERE WOULD MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER, FRIENDS / NOW JUST GO HOME AND SIT TIGHT UNTIL LARUE SHOWS UP...



...FOR WHEN HE DOES, IT WON'T TAKE AWAY LONG TO DO THE JOB THAT HAS TO BE DONE ...



AND SO, LASH LARUE RODE INTO BUCKUS, AND HOPE SHONE BRIGHTLY IN THE EYES OF ALL DECENT PEOPLE THERE ...



LASH LARUE WESTERN

AS MAJOR HERE, LARUE, I KNOW THE SITUATION BETTER THAN ANYBODY ELSE. ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS MAKE ONE MAN KNOCKLE UNDER!



MAKE SCARLON'S THAT MAN! ALL THE OTHERS GAWKHOOTS LOOK UP TO HIM AS THEIR LEADER. ONCE THEY SEE HIM BEATEN, THEY'LL ALL CLEAR OUT!



WHERE DO I FIND THIS SCARLON? WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?

NOW LET ME SEE... NOW I SHALL I DESCRIBE HIM?



THAT SILVER COULD... DO YOU HAVE TO KEEP SWAGGING IT, MAJOR?

JUST A HABIT OF MINE. LISTEN HARD, LARUE. I'M GOING TO TELL YOU ALL I KNOW ABOUT SCARLON...



LATER...

YOU SENT WORD FOR ALL OF US TO COME TOGETHER, RIGHT HERE, MAJOR? HOW COME?

THIS IS WHERE THE SNOWDOWN BETWEEN LARUE AND SCARLON WILL TAKE PLACE!



HERE COMES LARUE NOW!



SCARLON'S WAITING FOR HIM, AND HE'S GRINNING. BUT HE WON'T BE GRINNING LONG!



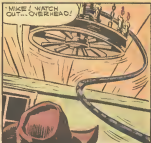
LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



END

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LASH LARUE WESTERN

LASH LARUE

IN THE BADLANDS BARON

BIG JOE MARSH WAS A DIFFERENT KIND OF OUTLAW CHIEF... HIS MEN WEREN'T THIEVES, OR RUSTLERS AND BIG JOE RAN AN HONEST BUSINESS... BUT ONCE, YEARS BEFORE, BIG JOE HAD BEEN ACCUSED, AND HE'D RUN FOR FREEDOM... THAT ONE MISTAKE ACCOUNTED FOR LASH LARUE'S RIDE INTO THE BADLANDS ON HIS TRAIL!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

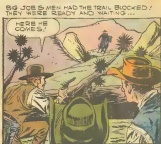
THE BAD-LANDS BARON HAD A BIG CREW... AND EVERY ONE WAS A PICKED *SWAG*! THE FIRST ONE TO SPOT THE FRONTIER MARSHAL HAD BEEN EVANS...



LASH LARUE WESTERN



THE
RANGING
MARSHAL
TURNED
THE
RIFLE -
MAN
LOOSE!
THAT
PUZZLED
THE
BAD
LINGS
GOW-
BOY...



LASH LARUE WESTERN

MARSH'S
MEN
WERE
WAITING
AHEAD!
THIS
TIME,
LASH
KNEW
THERE
WERE
TOO
MANY
TO BE
TRICKED--
AND THE
BARON'S
MEN
COULDN'T
BE
BUFFED...



THE BADLANDS CREW
WENT AFTER LARUE AT A
RUN! AND LASH SAT BE-
HIND A ROCK, WATCHING
THEM CHASE HIS HORSE...



I WANT IN! THE BEST WAY
IS TO KNOCK. I
GUESS!



TELL THE BOSS HE
HAS COMPANY!
MARSHAL LASH
LARUE'S THE
NAME!



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN

Calf Round-up

IN WESTERN FAME! I'D LIKE
TO PALAVES A BIT ABOUT ONE OF
THE IMPORTANT SEASONS ON THE
RANGE... THE CALF ROUND-UP!



THE CALF ROUND-UP IS USED
FOR SEASONING, SO THAT EACH
RANCHER WILL BE ABLE TO SPOT
HIS OWN STOCK, AS LONG AS IT'S
STILL "ON THE HOOF"! THESE
CALVES YOU SEE HERE ARE READY...



FIRST, THE COWBOY CHOOSES A
"CUTTING" POINT FROM THE RIGHT
OR LEFT HE HAS FOR HIS OWN USE!
YOU'LL SOON SEE WHY HE
NEEDS THAT MANY!



LASH LARUE WESTERN





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OR CASH PROFITS AT NO COST TO YOU!

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...or BIKE!



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Only 10 Bucks



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TOY AIRPLANE
Only 10 Bucks



TOY CAR
Only 10 Bucks



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BIKE**
Only 50 Bucks



TOY CAR
Only 10 Bucks



TOY CAR
Only 10 Bucks



TOY CAR
Only 10 Bucks



TOY CAR
Only 10 Bucks



TOY CAR
Only 10 Bucks



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Only 10 Bucks



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TOY CAR
Only 10 Bucks

NOTICE TO PARENTS

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The CALAMITY KID

HIS REAL NAME WAS JOHNNY BENSON, BUT THEY CALLED HIM "THE CALAMITY KID"! EVERYWHERE HE APPEARED, HE LEFT SORROW AND DISASTER IN HIS WAKE! BUT WHEN HE ENTERED MARSHAL SAM YORK'S TERRITORY, THE KID'S DAYS WERE NUMBERED!



LASH LA RUE WESTERN

MINUTES LATER, THE POSSE APPEARED...

HOWDY, FOLKS...
WHERE YUH
HEADED?

WE'RE MOVIN' TO
SILVERTOWN...CAME
ALL THE WAY FROM
ST. LOUIS!



DID YUH SEE A YOUNG
HOMERID RIDE THIS WAY
FAST--DURRY THE PAST
HALF HOUR?

ER...NOPE...
DIDN'T SEE
NO ONE!



HE MUSTA TURNED
SOUTH BACK AT
THE RIVER,
SHERIFF!

RECKON YOU'RE
RIGHT! WELL, ADIOS,
FOLKS...AH! GOOD
LUCK!



YUH DID REAL FINE, FOLKS!
I'LL JEST RIDE ALONG WITH YUH
TO SILVERTOWN AN' THEN TAKE
MY LEAVE!



HOURS LATER, THE COVERED WAGON
REACHED ITS DESTINATION...

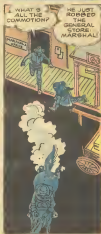
BETTER CHANGE YORE WAWS, YOUNG
MAN, OR YOU'LL COME TO A BAD END!



AIN'T NO ONE
GONNA PUT A
HALTER ON
"THE
CALAMITY
KID"! I'M
TOD SHART
TO GIT
CAUGHT!



LASH LAKE WESTERN

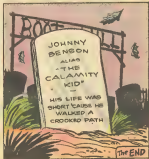
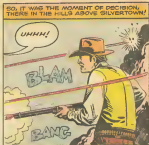




MARSHAL SAM YORK DID NOT MAKE A VOW LIGHTLY! NO BADMAN HAD INVADED HIS TERRITORY AND STAYED FREE TO RAUAGE THE COUNTRYERS!

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE KP REALIZED HE WAS BEING PURSUED...





LASH LARUE WESTERN

WESTERN MEDIC

THE EARLY WESTERN TOWNS WERE NOTORIOUS FOR CASIN
REFUELLED TEMPER AND PROMISCUOUS LEAD SINGING. ONE
MAN WAS INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY TOWN... HE WAS THE DOC!



HE WOULD COME WHEN HE WAS CALLED...
ALL IN A DAY'S WORK...

HE'S STRONG AS A HORSE! THERE'S
A HEAP OF BUCKING STILL
LEFT IN HIM!



SOMETIMES, WHEN MEDICINE FAILED,
HE DID DOUBLE DUTY AS THE TOWN'S
ONLY UNDERTAKER...



LASH LARUE WESTERN

HE YANKED TEETH AT A DOLLAR APIECE...
TWO DOLLARS FOR THE BACK MOLARS...

OWW!

OPEN WIDE, CONBOY!
THAT TOOTH IS HEADED
FOR THE LAST ROUND -
UP!



HE WAS ALSO THE LOCAL JET FOR TWO
HUNDRED MILES AROUND...

THAT'S A MIGHTY SICK HORSE!
I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HIM
A BOLLUX!



BUNTING BUZZARDS DIDN'T STOP HIM
AS LONG AS HIS MOUNT HELD OUT!



AND HE COULD BE AS GENTLE AS A
MOTHER WHEN A HESTER'S YOUNG 'UN
RAN A HIGH FEVER...



EASH, BOY... YOU'LL BE
ALL RIGHT...

OUTLANS AND RUSTLERS OFTEN 'ASKED'
HIM TO MINISTER TO THEIR 'WOUNDED'...

I'LL COME BUT NOT TILL YOU
HOLSTER THOSE
'SHOOTIN' IRONS.'



THERE WERE TIMES WHEN HE WAS THE
ONE TO PUT A DAMPER ON HOT HEADS
WHO WERE READY TO FIGHT EACH
OTHER! YES, THE WESTERN DOC
WAS RIGHT UP FRONT AMONG ALL THOSE
WHO HELPED TAME THE TERRITORY'S
WILDNESS!

ALL RIGHT, DOC.
WE'LL PUT OUR GUNS AWAY.



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE

IT TOOK A HEAP OF FLOURING OUT, AND FOR A SPELL EVERYBODY THOUGHT THE WORLD HAD JUST ABOUT TURNED CLEAN UPSIDE DOWN... ON THAT DAY THERE WAS...

MAYHEM IN MOOREVILLE

THE DAY STARTED REAL PEACEABLE-LIKE! THE WEATHER WAS FINE, AND EVERYBODY WAS SMILING...

GOT YOUR STRONGBOX READY, JEFF? THE GOLD'S READY FOR LOADING!



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HEY, WHO'S THAT HIGH-TAILIN' INTO TOWN?

THAT'S LASH LARUE! I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!



HENDY, LARUE!

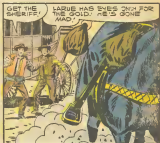
GOOD TO SEE YOU, MARSHAL!



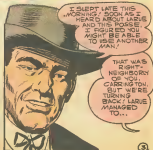
THAT'S HOW THE DAY STARTED, REAL PEACEABLE-LIKE! BUT IN JUST ANOTHER, SPLIT-SECOND... THE MAYHEM WOULD START!



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN

10-20



IF LARUE
DID PULL
THAT JOB,
WHY SHOULD
HE HAVE
COME RIGHT
UP TO US
THE WAY
HE DID?

BECAUSE HE
FIGURED ON
HIS PAST
REPUTATION
HAVING
BLUNDED US.
IF HE COULDN'T
PULL THAT
JOB, HE'D
NEVER HAVE
BOLTED AWAY!



AS THE POSSE RODE INTO
TOWN...

NEVER THOUGHT
I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN
LARUE WOULD TURN BAD!
HE WAS THE BEST OF
THEM ALL WHEN HE WAS
RIDING ON THE SIDE
OF THE LAW!



SO WHAT? ALL THAT MEANS
IS THAT NOW HE'LL BE
THE WORST!



YOU SURE THAT'S
WHAT IT MEANS,
MADDEN?

LARUE!

WHY DID HE CALL YOU MADDEN?
WE KNOW YOU AS CARRINGTON!



HE'S GUS
MADDEN,
ROAD AGENT
AND DAIL
BREAKER!
HE SWORE
HE'D GET
BACK AT
ME FOR
BEING THE
ONE WHO
PUT HIM
BEHIND
BARS!



YOU AND I ARE ABOUT THE SAME BUILD,
AREN'T WE, MADDEN? SO YOU GOT YOUR-
SELF A HORSE THAT LOOKED LIKE

RUSH - PRACTISED SOME
WITH THE BULLWHIP, AND
THEN COUNTED ON
SPEED AND
SHOCK TO MAKE
FOLKS MIS-
TAKE YOU
FOR ME!

LASH LARUE WESTERN

I WAS ON MADDOEN'S TRAIL WHEN I MET UP WITH THE BOSSEY. HE TRIED TO HANG BACK BUT I SPOTTED HIM.

THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU SPEAK UP THEN AND THERE, LARUE?

BECAUSE YOU WERE ALL RILED UP! IF I'D TRIED, MADDOEN WOULD HAVE SQUEEZED TRIGGER ON ME BEFORE I WAS FINISHED... AND HE'D HAVE SAID I MADE A SUDGEN MOVE.

I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO BOLT AWAY. BEAT YOU ALL BACK TO TOWN AND SAY MY PIECE AFTER YOU'VE ALL HAD A CHANCE TO COOL OFF.

SAYING ISN'T PROVING, LARUE!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE KNEW HIM AS CADDINGTON, A RESPECTABLE BUSINESSMAN.

BUT WE SAW YOU WITH OUR OWN EYES!

AND SEEING IS BELIEVING!

SHODDENLY, LASH LEAPED FORWARD...

HEY?

I DON'T LIKE WORKING THIS WAY, BUT YOU'RE FORCING MY HAND! NOW, EITHER I GET A CHANCE TO PROVE MY CASE... OR HE GETS NEXT!

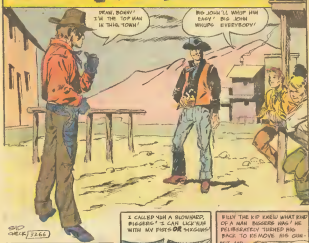
LASH LARUE WESTERN



BILLY THE KID

THE LOCAL HERO

BILLY THE KID HAD HEARD OF BIG JOHN BARNER. BIG JOHN WAS A BEANING GUNSLINGER WHO LOVED TO FIGHT ... AND HE WAS ADDED BY MANY IN TOWN ... INCLUDING SOME KIDS.



END OF PAGE

I CALLED HIM A BLOWNUP, PIECER! I CAN LICK 'EM WITH MY FISTS OR MY GUNS!

HE'S A WINDY GENT, BORN! YOUR DAD'S A BETTER MAN THAN HE. BIG JOHN IS MONEY TALK! --HE'S A BLOWNUP FOUR FINGER!

HE'S NOT! HE CAN LICK ANY MAN ALIVE!



BILLY THE KID KNEW WHAT KIND OF A MAN BIGGERS WAS. HE FOLLOWSLY TURNED HIS BACK TO REMOVE HIS GUN-BELT, AND

HEY, THAT'S NOT FAIR!



LASH LARUE WESTERN



I FIGURED
YUN'D DO
THAT '100'
BIGGER!

BILLY LET BIG JOHN USE ALL THE DIRTY TECHNIQUE
KNOW -- THE KIDS WATCHING BEGAN TO ROOT FOR
BILLY!



BIG JOHN WAS LIKED! BILLY THE LID WAITED IN
GLORCE WHILE HE GOT UP AND RECOVERED HIS GUN!



WICE GON,
BILLY!



I'M READY TUN FROM
FAKER,
FILL YORE HAND!

I'LL TAKE CARE O' YOU
GOME OTHER TIME!

BILLY NODDED, ACCEPTING HIS ANSWER, AND TURNED TO
LEAVE! WHEN HE DID, THE BULLY DEED!....



LOOK OUT,
BILLY!



OK, YUN
SURE SHOWED
HIM!

LOOK, SONNY! BIG JOHN
BIGGER -- I'VE THE JOB
OF A MAN TO ARRE!
NITHER AM I WHEN I SEE
A GUNGUN FAKER FAKA
WORK HARD, ONLY THE
LAW, THEN FOLD THE
COUNTRY! THEY'RE THE
ONE YUN SHOULD TRY TO
BE LIKE!

LASH LA RUE WESTERN

RENDEZVOUS

THE RENDEZVOUS HAD BEEN ARRANGED IN GORHEM, SOUTH DAKOTA TEN YEARS BACK. GIL MARTIN HAD KEPT IT... BUT WHERE WAS HIS BOYHOOD PAL, SAM WADE?

I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPIN' SAM? HE'S THE KIND OF HONDER WHO NEVER BREAK AN APPOINTMENT.

ON YOUR TOES, MEN! HE'S A DANGEROUS GUNSLINGER. HE DOESN'T SEE US...AND I'D LIKE TO TAKE HIM WITHOUT GUNPLAY!

3679



DON'T TURN AROUND, GIL MARTIN! YOU'RE COVERED BY THREE GUNS! GET YOUR HANDS UP!

WH—WHO'S THAT? HOW DO YOU KNOW ME?

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME FOR? SURE PA, GIL MARTIN, BUT I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING... ASIDE FROM LIVING HERE TEN YEARS AGO!

YEAH?... GIL MARTIN, ALIAS JACK MORRIS, ALSO KNOWN AS JOHNNY MACK AND JERRY MASON! YOU'RE WANTED FOR HOMICIDE IN THREE STATES!



LASH LA RUE WESTERN

LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

I RODE 500 MILES TO KEEP A CRAZY DATE I MADE TEN YEARS AGO WITH A GAI! HE NEVER SHOWS UP... JAN! THE LAW COLLARS ME! WHAT A LAUGH!

IT ISN'T SO FUNNY, GIL! THE LAW HAS WAYS OF CATCHING UP WITH WARMINTS LIKE YOU!



WHILE THE SHERIFF FILLED OUT FORMS, GIL'S MIND SLIPPED BACK TO THE OLD DAYS, THE DAYS HE AND SAM MADE HAD SPENT TOGETHER!

...LET'S STIR UP THOSE POWWERS A BIT! THERE'S NO EXCITEMENT AROUND HERE!

ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR CRAZY IDEAS, GIL! QUIT IT!



YIP! YEE! C'MON, YOU DOOSIER, GET MOVING!

GIL, STOP IT!



DAVE... DAVE! HELP ME!

HANDS ON THERE, GIL! I'M COMIN'!



GOTCHA... YOU GOLD-BERN FOOL IDIOT!

SEE-YOOW! WHAT A STAMPEDE!



YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO... AND IRRESPONSIBLE! YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!

YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT... IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED!



LASH LA RUE WESTERN

THERE WERE OTHER THINGS GIL THOUGHT BACK THEN... THERE WAS THE TIME ON SAGEBUSH HILL...

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN', GIL? THERE'S PROSPECTORS LIVING DOWN BELOW! THEY'LL GET HURT!

NAME I ONLY WANT TO SCARE THEM OFF! WE COULD GET OUR HANDS ON SOME NUGGETS THEY GOT STORED IN THAT SHACK!



ARE C'MON... IT'LL BE EASY PICKIN'S!

ALL YOU'LL GET IS A MESS OF TROUBLE! LET'S GO... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



...AND THERE WAS THE EPISODE WITH COLONEL WACON'S HORSES...

THOSE HORSEY GON' BELONG TO YOU, GIL! YOU WANT TO BE BRANDED A HORSE THIEF? I WON'T LET THAT HAPPEN TO A FRIEND OF MINE!

HECK, THE COLONEL HAS OVER A THOUSAND HEAD! HE WON'T MISS THESE! WE COULD HAVE A GREAT TIME IN THE CAPITAL AFTER WE SELL THEM! ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! I'LL TAKE THEM BACK!



LATER, JUST BEFORE THEY SEPARATED...

GIL, DON'T YOU EVER THINK OF SETTling DOWN AND EARNING A LIVING?

NAME! THAT'S FOR GOODBY! WHO WANTS TO WORK? TRICK IS TO MAKE MONEY WITHOUT... HEY, WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT DOWN AT THE HOTEL?



DID YOU HEAR THAT, DAVE? NUGGETS THE SIZE OF MELON BALLS! THAT'S FOR ME, BARDNER! I'M HEADING FOR CALIFORNIA TOMORROW! COME WITH ME, DAVE!

NO, GIL! I'VE GOT ROOTS HERE... FAMILY, FRIENDS! I CAN'T LEAVE!



SO IT HAPPENED... AND THE RENDEZVOUS WAS MADE THE NEXT DAY...

I'M GONNA COME BACK, LOADED, DAVE! JUST WAIT AND SEE! TELL YOU WHAT... TODAY IS JUNE 15TH, 1849. I'LL MEET YOU RIGHT HERE TEN YEARS FROM NOW!

I'LL BE HERE! AND I HOPE YOU STRIKE IT RICH! TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, PAL, AND DON'T GET INTO TROUBLE!



LASH LA RUE WESTERN

MANY REACHED CALIFORNIA, BUT FEW FOUND GOLD... GIL WASN'T ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES...

I DIDN'T TRAVEL A THOUSAND MILES TO OLD HOLES IN ROCK! THERE MUST BE EASIER WAYS OF GETTING GOLD!



YES, THERE WERE EASIER WAYS... LIKE... CLAIM JUMPING!

NOBODY SAW ME REMOVE THESE CLAIM MARKERS! LET THEM TRY TO PROVE IT AIN'T MY LAND!



... AND DRY-BULCHING!

OLD BEN SORCUM'S GOT AT LEAST TEN THOUSAND IN DUST IN THOSE SADDLE BAGS! BOY, AM I GONNA LIVE!



... AND STAGECOACH ROBBERY!

ALL RIGHT, LET'S HAVE THAT GOLD SHIPMENT FROMO! EASY NOW... I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE!



... AND BANK LOOTING!

I TOLD YOU TO STAY BACK, YOU FOOL! BLAST YOU!



AS A CONSEQUENCE, GIL WAS A HUNTED MAN WHOSE HAND WAS NEVER FAR FROM HIS GUN!

YOU LOOKING FOR SOMEONE, MISTER?

NO... BUT I THINK SOMEONE MAY BE, LOOKING FOR ME! I KEEP THESE IRONS HANDY... ESPECIALLY FOR THE NOSEY ONES! NOW GET BACK TO YOUR BARTENDING!



HE DIDN'T SLEEP WELL NIGHTS... AND ALWAYS VERY LIGHTLY...

OPEN IN THE NAME OF THE LAW! OR WE'LL SHOOT THE DOOR IN!

LUCKY I LEFT MY HORSE UNDER THE WINDOW! THEY'RE REALLY HOT ON MY TRAIL! GOT TO VANISH!



LASH LA RUE WESTERN

ANOTHER LUCKY ESCAPE... BUT HOW MANY MORE DID HE HAVE? EVEN A CAT HAS ONLY NINE LIVES!



TEN HUNTED YEARS HAD ALMOST GONE BY WHEN SUREPLY HE HAD THOUGHT OF THE RENDEZVOUS... AND FIGURING HIS HOME TOWN WOULD BE A GOOD SPOT TO COOL OFF IN FOR A SPELL, HE KEPT HIS PLEDGE...



WELL, HERE I AM! PLACE HADNT CHANGED MUCH SINCE I LEFT! SURE HOPE DAVE SHOWS UP!

HE WAITED, IMPATIENTLY CHAIN SMOKING...



I NEVER RECKONED ON DAVE NOT SHOWING UP! WELL, I'LL WAIT A FEW MORE MINUTES!

AND NOW...

SAM WADE KEPT THAT APPOINTMENT WITH YOU... AND HERE'S PROOF! IT'S A LETTER HE LEFT FOR YOU!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HE WASNT THERE? I NEVER SAW HIM!



AS GIL READ, ALL COLOR DRAINED FROM HIS FACE...



OF ALL THE BLASTED LUCK! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! MY BEST FRIEND!

IT WAS THE ONLY THING A MAN LIKE U.S. MARSHAL SAM WADE COULD HAVE GONE!



Dear Gil
I kept our date! I recognized your face from a dozen Wanted posters in my pocket when you lighted a cigarette I couldn't bring myself to take you in alone, despite the reward, so I turned you over to the sheriff. Too bad it happened this way.
Your one-time friend
Sam Wade
U.S. MARSHAL

END!

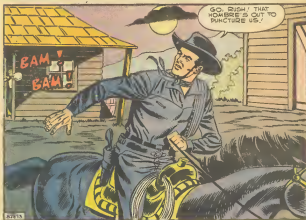
LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE

IN *THE NIGHT RIDERS*

KEN'S RIDERS STRUCK SMITH AND SHOOK NO MERCY... THE VICTIMS PAID OVER ALL THE CASH THEY HAD... AND WERE GIVEN LITTLE TIME TO FIND MORE OR BE RAISED AGAIN? THEN, LASH LARUE GOT INVOLVED... AND A WHINING MINCESTER, SUICIDE, ALMOST RUINED HIS BADGE BEFORE HE LEARNED WHAT ALL THE SHOOTING WAS ABOUT.



THE MARSHAL FOUND SOME SHELTERING BRUSH AND DROVE FOR COVER! HIS GUNS WERE CENTERED ON THAT DOORWAY IN A SECOND...

HE DOESN'T KNOW ENOUGH TO DODGE AFTER EACH SHOT! I THINK I'LL JUST SCARE HIM A LITTLE...



...AND GO IN THE BACK DOOR!



©1964
Lash Larue
Western

LASH LARUE WESTERN

THAT ODOC IS STILL SHOOTING AT WHERE I USED TO BE. HE'LL BE PLUMB SURPRISED WHEN I DROP IN ON HIM.



LARUE STEPPED QUICKLY TOWARD THE SMALL FIGURE HEARD THE DOOR...

I'LL GET 'EM / THEY WON'T...

LET ME HAVE THAT RIFLE. SORRY, AND EXPLAIN, HUH?



I WON'T / YOU MIGHT BE ONE OF KEEBE'S NIGHT BLAVERS / YOU MIGHT BE TRICKING ME.

I DON'T KNOW WHO KEEBE IS, SORRY, BUT I'LL FIND OUT. ANY MAN WHO'D SCARE A KID LIKE YOU NEEDS ATTENTION.



THEY SHOT MY DAD -- HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, I GUESS, BUT HE'S WEAK. THEY'RE COMIN' BACK -- THAT'S WHY I SHOT AT YOU!

I'LL BE HERE WHEN THEY DO -- I'LL HIDE RIFLE IN BACK.



AN HOUR LATER, LASH LARUE GOT HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF KEEBE AND HIS GANG...

HEY, WO -- TELL YORE DAD HE'S GOT ANOTHER WEEK TUN GET THE DOUGH / WE'RE NOT STOPPIN' IN THIS TRIP!



THEY'RE GONE -- THEY'LL GET BETTER / HE'LL BE READY FOR 'EM NEXT TIME.

THERE WON'T BE A NEXT TIME / I'LL CATCH UP WITH THEM FIRST!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

THE FIGHTING MARSHAL HAD NO TROUBLE FOLLOWING THEIR TRAIL... BUT KEENE WAS SHESWD! HE LEFT A MAN BEHIND FOR THINGS LIKE THAT...



LASH LARUE WESTERN

THESE
WAS
ONE
MAN
AT
THE
TINY
RANCH-
HOUSE!
HE
WAS
TOO
WEAK
TO
FIGHT...



THE
MARSHAL
LAD
DOWN
IN
THE
BUNK...
HE HAD
NO
TIME
FOR
BANDAGES!
KEENE
BURST
IN A
SECOND
LATER...



LASH LARUE WESTERN

KEENE
HAD
MORE
MEN
OUT-
SIDE /
THE
RAGING
MARSHAL
HAD
TO
ACT
FAST...



BLAST YUH, LARUE!
HEY, BOYS, IN
HERE,
QUICK!

HE GOT MY
GUN!



CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!



NOW YOU'RE ALL
WITHOUT GUNS!
DON'T MOVE!
THIS WHIP IS
STILL FULL
OF LIFE!



THESE OUTLAWS
WON'T BOTHER YOU
RANCHERS ANY -
MORE!

WE ALL OWE
YOU A LOT OF
THANKS!

KEENE'S
LOOT
WAS
RECOVERED.
LASH
PERSON-
ALL MADE
SURE IT
WAS RE-
TURNED TO
THE
RIGHTFUL
OWNERS,
AND HE
ADDED A
LITTLE
FOR
THE BOY
WHO FIRST
TOLD HIM
ABOUT
THE
NIGHT
RIDERS...



BUT...BUT WE
DIDN'T GIVE
KEENE ANY
MONEY! WE
DIDN'T
HIRE
ANY!

LET'S SAY THAT WAS
LEFT OVER! MAYBE
IT BELONGED TO
KEENE! IT'LL MAKE
UP FOR SOME OF
THE DAMAGE HE'DO!

Just Joe

The man on the brown stallion wasn't tall. At the most he probably was about five feet seven. His face was thin and burned by the blazing sun of the desert. He wore his gun belt at an angle. In the scabbard on the right side of his horse was a Winchester rifle. He dismounted and took a large canteen from the side of his saddle. Opening it, he poured some water in his Sisson. Then he held the hat for the horse to drink the precious fluid.

"We'll be there in an hour, Robles," he comforted the horse. "You did a good job. We'll walk the rest of the distance."

He replaced the damp hat on his head. It cooled his brow and he started for the end of his journey. The faithful horse followed him. Both master and steed were tired and footsore.

An hour later, Jane Marley spotted a man and the horse coming in over the horizon. She grabbed the rifle which was resting outside of the door. She was ready for action.

"Dad," she shouted without a trace of panic in her voice, "Stranger coming in."

The man arrived at his destination which was Stage Coach Station Number 10 on the southern desert route. He noticed the rather pretty girl who seemed to know what to do with the rifle. She looked at his face carefully. Then her father, with his six gun in his right hand, came from the side of the house.

"Not him," said the father.

The girl replaced the rifle in its original position. Her father holstered his Colt 44.

"Come in and wash up," invited her father. "My name is John Waterman. We have to be careful out here. There are not many people, but the livestock is a temptation for the Indians when they get off the reservation. There is just my daughter Jane and myself. Next coach is due on Wednesday. Traffic going slow since they built the railroad to Pterreville."

"Thanks," replied the man. "Just Joe is what you can call me. But first I would like some water and oats for my horse."

Jane showed him to the back of the station where there was a large corral. About two dozen horses were there. He watered his horse and left the stallion contented over a bucket of oats. Then he returned to the front of the building. There was a tin bucket and a cake of soap ready for him. Up went his sleeves. He unbuttoned his shirt collar and washed himself thoroughly. Jane handed him a towel. Then he went inside the station where a cup of hot coffee and a plate of meat and vegetables were

set in front of them. After he finished everything, he spoke to Mr. Waterman.

"I am to wait for the coach. Here's a letter from the Stage Company. I know you have room for me but I prefer to sleep outside. I will use my saddle as a pillow and be next to my horse."

He spent the next few hours reading some old magazines and newspapers. Then he walked around the station as though to study it from every angle. He was conscious that Jane was following his every action. He turned around quickly and she was only a few feet in back of him.

"You don't have to worry about me, Miss Jane," he said softly. "I know who you and your father are. I saw your father last year at the Golden Gate Mine and know your real name is Jackson. You are just hiding here and hoping the law gets Dave Lummers before he gets your father. So take your hand out of your pocket. I figure you got one of those little Deringers in it."

She removed her hand from the pocket and sobbed slightly for a few minutes. Then she brushed the tears away from her pale brown eyes.

"It is a terrible strain, this hiding and waiting," she admitted. "I don't think we can stand it very much longer. The mine people even suggested that we take a trip to England for a year. My dad's folks came from the south of England. Somehow I feel the sooner it is over, the better."

"That doesn't make much sense," pointed out the young man. "Your father did a wonderful thing. He overheard by accident the conversation about holding up the mine. So they were ready when the men came Dave Lummers' younger brother, Bill, was among those killed. The law is looking for Dave since he said he would avenge his brother's death. It will be over, as soon as the law gets hold of this misguided gun slinger."

Jane forced a smile to her face. She soon felt better that the conversation had taken place. But she did add one thing.

"Dad says that when a man thinks of his horse before himself, he's a real man. That applies to you."

"Thanks for the compliment," acknowledged the young man. "Now you can do yourself a real favor. Stop worrying. You are mighty pretty even when you frown."

From then on, Jane did most of the talking. She followed the rule of the West. Never ask a

man about himself. What he wanted to tell, he'll tell. Later in the day he helped her with the care of the livestock. She prepared the evening meal. Then the two of them went outside. The night was clear and bright and the sky full of stars.

"That's my favorite star," he pointed to the sky. "The one near the North Star. I was once lost in the desert on foot, and without a compass. So I figured out my position — something like they do on a boat, and got back to my camp."

At night, she and her father barricaded the door. She went to bed but was restless. So she came down and peeped out of the bottom floor window. She could see the figure of just Joe reclining with his rifle at his side. His hand was near the butt of his six shooter. Then she went back to bed. For some reason, she soon found herself deep in a well earned sleep. There was nothing to worry her now. Call it a woman's instinct if you wish.

The next two days they were together. She felt as though she had always known him. Then she smilingly, teased him.

"There's a job open here. Stage Coach Company said we could get an extra man if we felt we needed one. But then again, maybe you are connected with the company itself."

He gave her no answer. His mind was on other things for the coach was soon due. It arrived only one hour late with only one passenger. Tod Hunkers was the driver. There was to be a stopover for about an hour. Time enough to eat and change horses. The driver looked at just Joe and shook his head as though it were a signal. Then the driver went to the back of the place.

The lone passenger came out from the stage coach a little later. He entered the large room. His eyes quickly took in Jane, her father, and a man who was a stranger to him.

"I'm Dave Lummers," was all he said.

There was no excitement on the part of Jane or her father. Jane let her hand go into the pocket of her dress. Suddenly her expression

changed. The Deringer wasn't there. Either it had fallen out or it had been taken out by somebody. She noticed for the first time that her father wasn't wearing his gun belt. It was up on the hook in the corner of the room.

"You must be hungry after that trip," said the cool calm voice of just Joe. "Come sit down and keep me company. This is the best coffee you ever tasted."

Dave Lummers hesitated for the fraction of a second. Then he acknowledged the invitation. He sat down next to just Joe and the two ate together in silence. From the corner of his eye, Dave studied the man at his side. He dug deep into the recesses of his memory. There was something familiar and yet strange.

"Your last name is Harpers," he finally said "Joe Harpers the Range Detective. I knew somebody was on my trail for months. Funny, I was always ahead of him, and it turns out to be you — just waiting for me, like you do for all of those who break the law."

There was an awkward silence. Dave wet his lips and then continued speaking.

"Bill was the kid brother. He was as wild as they came. He died the way I always said he would. At first I was all choked up when I heard the news. Funny, after the first week, all I did was want to see you, Mr. Jackson. Then I learned you were hiding because you were scared of me. So I kept looking for you to tell you that you really never had anything to worry about."

Jane sobbed and found herself in Joe's arms. An hour later the stage pulled away with its only passenger.

"When the stage arrives at Bearmont," explained Joe, "the driver will see that real bullets got back into Dave's gun and gun belt. One of my men made the switch at Station B while Dave slept. I have your Deringer, Jane. I explained things to your Dad. We just couldn't take a chance. It worked out fine, didn't it."

"It did," she smiled just before her lips met his.

— THE END —

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LASH LARUE WESTERN

BUFFALO MAN

HE LOOKED LEAN AND SLIM
BUT EVERY POUND OF HIM
WAS BURGAT! WHITEY
ALBORN AND HIS BROTHERS
KNEW THAT AT FIRST THEY
HAD TO LEARN THE HARD
WAY!



LASH LARUE WESTERN



SLATS
SEEMED
TO
ACCEPT
WHITEY'S
STORY! HE
TURNED
IN A
LITTLE
LATER
AND
SLEPT
LIKE A
BABY.
THEY
THOUGHT!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

ALREADY
GANG
WAS
READY
FOR
TEMPLE--
SLATS
WAS
ALONG
WITH
THEM!



THAT
MOVEMENT
IN TEMPLE
SHOULD
BE OFF
BIG, POXY!

YEP! THE TEMPLE GANG
IS SOLD, WHATEY! WE'LL
GET BIG DIVIDENDS!

WE'LL CAMP HERE
FOR THE NIGHT!
WE DON'T WANT
TO ARRIVE IN
TEMPLE UNTIL
MORNING!
WE CAN PLAY
SOME POXY!

POXY! I HEARD
O' THE GANG BUT
I NEVER PLAYED
IT!



WHEELER PLAYED POXY BUT EVERYTHING
HE DID CAME OUT RIGHT!

AIN'T IT STRANGE--
FIVE PARTS PICTURE?
WAS ALL THIS!

YOU'RE TOO DUMB TO
BE REAL, SLATS! I
DON'T REAL POXY
THAT HARD!

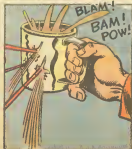


WAS! HOW DO YOU
KNOW WHAT YOU
DEALT ME, POXY?

BECAUSE I DEAL
CRACKED, RUSS!
BUT YOU'RE A
BIGGER CROOK!



SLATS
WHEELER
DON'T
GO FOR
A GUN!
HE
HEARD A
HAMMER
CLICK
BACK
BEHIND
HIM!



BLAM!
BAM!
POW!

I GOT HIS
GOLD, WHATEY!

GOOD! NOW, CREEK,
BUFFALO MAN! DON'T
GO NEAR TEMPLE OR
WE'LL FIE YOU DEAD!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

THE TWO
TECRED
AT
THEIR
MOTION
AS
HE
LEFT!



HE
FOLLOW
THE
TOWN
WITH
NO
TROUBLE!
AND A
FRIEND
ALMOST
AS
FAST!



WHEN AARON AND HIS NEW
BROS INTO TEMPLE THE NEXT
MORNING, THE MARSHAL WAS
OUT OF TOWN!



THIS'LL BE EASY! NO ONE
IS AROUND! PETE, WAIT
OUTSIDE!



THIS IS A STICK-UP!
DON'T NOBODY MOVE
OR I'LL SHOOT!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

NEITHER OF THEM HAD SEEN THE MAN JUST INSIDE THE DOOR UNTIL IT SLAMMED SHUT!



SLATE MOVED LIKE LIGHTNING! WHITEY AND BOB HAD THEIR GUNS SHOT FROM THEIR HANDS!



AND OUTSIDE, THE OTHERS OF THE CROWD COULDED THE THIRD MAN!

HERE'S ONE FOR YOU, CAL! HERE'S ONE, BOB! WHITEY'S MIND! HE WASN'T DOWN! AUNT! I REMEMBER HE'S STILL AROUND THERE!

SURE! THEY'RE TOO DUMB TO BE THINKING AROUND LOGS!



WHITEY, WHEN YOU TAKLED SLATE WANDERED, YOU TOOK ON A BEANCAT! HE'S FOUNDER! YOUR BROS & HOOLES ARE DEAD!



BILLY THE KID

OUTLAW ROOST

THE THREE MEN FOUND BILLY WERE THOROUGHLY
LOT OF LEAD -- HE REARED FOR THE GAP IN THE
CLIFF, KNOWING HE'D BE SAFE WHEN HE REACHED
THERE ...



LASH LARUE WESTERN

BILLY THE KID SAW A LOT OF FAMILIAR FACES AROUND THAT FIRE! ALL FOUR OF THEM WERE WANTED BY THE LAW... AND TWO OF THEM KNEW HIM!



HEY! HE'S NOT ONE OF 'TH LAW! HE'S BILL BONNEY!

YEAH -- HE'S A PAL OF THE WOODS! HE'S!



HOLD IT! I WANT COME HERE TUN -- OR HAVE IT YOUR WAY?



COLD THUNDER FILLED THE HIPPER CANYON -- FOUR GUNSMITH OWINGOOTERS WERE THROWING LEAD!

GET HIM!
HE'S A



YOU GUYS HELPED ME OUT AND I DIDN'T WANT TROUBLE! NOW I HAVE TUN HOLD'YUN PER THE SHERIFF!



THE SHERIFF APPEARED A MOMENT LATER! HE'D BEEN LEADING THE POLICE AFTER BILLY'S CRIMINAL ENEMIES! BILLY, SCOOTING AHEAD, HAD FOUND THEM FIRST!

WELL -- GUN, BILLY! WE GOT THE THREE DEAR ROBBER-THIN OTHER GALS! HOW'D YOU DO IT?

THEY THOUGHT I WAS AN OUTLAW WHEN I GOT HERE! FUNNY-- THEY SAW ME THE BULLETS, THEN FORCED ME TO SEE 'EM WHEN THEY JUMPED ME!



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LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE

IN "HIDDEN EVIL"

GET MOVING AFTER
YOUR NIG CRINKS
HIS FILL, MISTER!
WE DON'T LIKE
STRANGERS
HERE!

YOU'RE PRETTY
JUMPY! MOST RANCHES
WELCOME A STRAY RIDER
HOW AN' THEN? AN'T YOU
GONNA INVITE ME
FOR DINNER?



THE RANCH WAS QUIET AND THE
SMILEY CORNFIELD WHO GREETED
ED THE RICHING MARSHAL WENT
UNUSUAL! BUT DANGER CLOAKED
THE RANCH...THE EVIL WAS
SO THICK THAT LASH COULD AL-
MOST SMELL IT! HE DIDN'T
LET IT SHOW AS HE WENT
ABOUT WATERING HIS HORSE!

LOOK, I
TOLD YUH
TSH
NONE
ON!

HE DOESN'T
LIKE US, RICH!
HE'S KIND OF
NASTY!



I WARNED
YUH!



LASH LARUE WESTERN



THE ROYAL MARSHAL COULD FEEL THE TENSION! EVIL HUNG IN THE AIR -- AND VOICES CARRIED IN THE QUIET EVENING...



THEY ALL LOOK BAD! EVERY CROOKED ONE!



ANY EVIL? I JUST STOPPED TO WATER MY HORSE!



YUH NOTS, CHER? HE LOOKS LIKE A LONMAN TUN ME!

HE AS ONE! HE S LASH LARUE! WE'LL EAT SUPPER WITH US! I WANT TO WATCH HIM -- SEE IF HE'S ON TUN VS...

YEP...THE SKELETON GANG RAIDED A BANK EAST OF HERE -- THE SHERIFF FIGURES THEY CROSSED THE BORDER BY NOW! AN CATTLE ARE SELLIN' FOR THOSE DOLLARS A HEAD NOW!

THAT SO? THANKS FOR THE NEWS, STRANGER!

LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH
LARUE
HAD A
FEW
SMALL
SPECIAL
TOOLS
ON HIM!
HE
WENT
TO WORK
ON THE
HEAVY
LOCK,
AND...



LASH LARUE WESTERN



IT WAS DARK IN THERE... BUT LASH LA-RUE BEGAN DIGGING AROUND THE DOOR FRAME AT ONCE...



LASH LARUE WESTERN

THEY WERE FREE A MOMENT LATER...

WHEN YOU HEAR THE SHOOTING START, HELP OUT ANY WAY YOU CAN!



BOSS! LARUE IS FREE... UNOW!



I'LL MAKE SURE THIS TIME!



LASH LARUE DIDN'T USE THE COAT! THE MASTER OF THE BULL-WHIP PULLED IT OUT AND...



I DON'T HAVE TO SHOOT...

HERE ARE THE OTHER ONES, LASH! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM?

TAKE 'EM TO TOWN. COME! I'M TRAILIN' ANOTHER MAN! AS A MATTER OF FACT...



... I STOPPED HERE BY ACCIDENT! RUSH WAS THIRSTY - I WOULD'VE KEPT GOIN' IF RUSH DIDN'T GET NASTY AN' ORDER ME OFF! THAT MADE ME MAD!



END

[illegible]

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by Practicing at Home
in Spare Time**

N.R.I. SENDS you with which you practice building circuits connected to Radio and TV sets. You LEARN-BY-DOING to locate Radio-TV troubles. As part of N.R.I. Servicing Course you build Vacuum Tube Voltmeter and AC-DC receiver. Use VTM to confirm requirements. Save extra money. Study sets in spare time.



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"Every spare time I put in Radio and TV work, repairing sets. I'm JACK WAGNER, Lexington, Miss."

"I just a successful Radio-TV shop. Now I'm Engineer at WIFE-TV, W. MOORE, N. H. WIFE, N. H. WIFE, N. H."



"There are a number of NRI graduates here. I'm JACK WAGNER, Lexington, N. C."



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